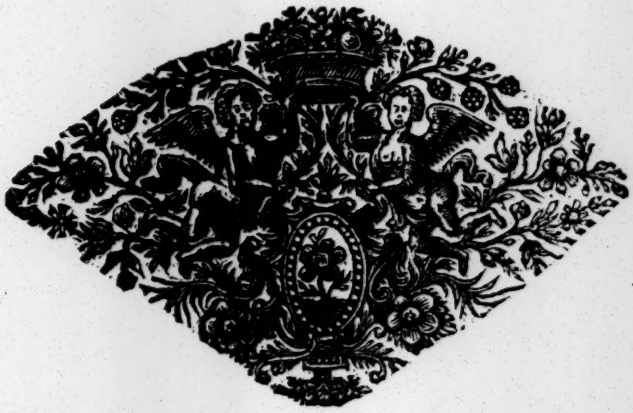
New-River,

A

POEM,

By William Garbott.

Otium, non Negotium.



LONDON,
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TO THE
Honourable *and* Kind
SUBSCRIBERS
TO THIS
POEM.

GENTLEMEN,

IT *has been my* Happineſs *to have enjoy'd many* Pleaſant Hours *in your* Free *and* Uſeful Converſation, *ſeveral Years*

Dedication.

Years by-past, which I own as a Great Favour: *But now you've laid a farther Obligation upon me, by a Voluntary Subscription, to encourage this my Performance: And it is my great* Comfort *that You're so kind as to Accept of it as it is: Tho' it were the very Best, it cou'd never make that Satisfaction which You have deserv'd from me.*

As I us'd, at Leisure Hours, *to Walk for* Health *and* Pleasure *about* **New-River-Head,** *(as they call it) I laid the first* Rudiments *of this* ESSAY, *which now I make bold to usher into the World under Your* Protection.

The

Dedication.

The Greateſt Maſters *that ever wrote on any Subject, have not eſcaped the Malice of* Envy *and* Cenſure; *I cannot fancy that* mine *ſhould paſs free. The truly-ingenuous* Critick *will (I hope) cenſure it candidly, and favourably conſtrue my well-meant* Intentions: *But as all Men ſcorn the* Conceited, *who deſpiſe every thing that is not ſpoken or done by themſelves, ſo do I: And I ſhall think my ſelf well off, if I ſhould have the* good Opinion *of the former, and the kind* Reception *of You,* GENTLEMEN, *who have hitherto encourag'd*

Your moſt obliged, and
moſt humble Servant,

W. G.

New-River;

A

POEM.

DEſtructive *Wars* ſome may delight to ſing,
And think they to their *Hero* Glory bring;
Where *Brother Brother*, *Father* ſlays the *Son*:
What *Nature* ſhocks, can *Glory* thence be won?

Man, *Man* to help the Great CREATOR made;
Man, *Man* to butcher now's become a Trade.
Nature recoils, affrighted at the Act,
And ſplendid *Infamy* attends the Fact.
Others may ſing, th' unconſtant *Fair* to pleaſe,
And melt their *Hero* into *Love* and *Eaſe*;
Who whilom from his Steed, at ev'ry Blow
Aſſured Death did deal unto the Foe:
What after-times will ſcarce believe, is true;
Thro' thickeſt *Squadrons* did his *Paſſage* hew;
Whoſe mighty *Arm* was not to be withſtood,
But turn'd the *Field* into a *Sea* of *Blood*;
Who, like *Deſtroying Angel*, laid about
Until h'ad put the *Foe* to total *Rout*.
This mighty *Chief*, who all theſe *Feats* has done,
So many Thouſands ſlain, ſuch Battels won,
Him now they place on bended Knees, before
A Woman Fair and Fickle, to adore:

Tell

Tell me but *One* that's true! no more I ask,
That *One* to find will prove an endleſs Task.
At the Jilt's Feet the Victor vanquiſh'd kneels,
Swears by her *Eyes*, ſuch ſcorching Flames he feels
As will his Conſtant *Heart* to Aſhes burn,
To quench thoſe *Flames*, begs ſhe'l a Smile return:
She ſmiles, is caught, by her own *Arts* enſnar'd;
He gains his Point, *ſhe* has her Juſt Reward:
For freſh *Game* now his *Tackle* he prepares,
Makes uſe of all his *Arts*, both *Nets* and *Snares*,
With ſolemn *Vows*, and fair deluding *Lyes*,
He *lures* them to, then *ſnares* them by ſurprize.
His Stomach's cloy'd, can't always one Diſh eat,
But muſt be fed with ſev'ral ſorts of Meat.
A conſtant *Lover* in a MAN's as rare
As in a WOMAN to be juſt and fair:

They both will lye, Vow break, both falſe will prove:
I ſpeak not here of *Wedlock's ſacred Love*,
Which oft is Chaſte and Conſtant as the *Dove*.
But *Luſt* I mean, that Irreligious Flame,
Which both the Laws of GOD and Man do blame,
And both ſeverely puniſh too the ſame.
Of *Mars* or *Venus* they may ſing that will,
Flames, *Rapes*, and *Blood* flow thence, and all that's *ill*:
Thoſe dire Effects the famous *Troy* did feel,
Where *Greek* and *Trojan* fell by mutual Steel.

A *Theme* that *ſerves Mankind* is my delight;
That I could *muſe* all Day, *That* dream all Night.
Thus, diff'rent *Poets* diff'rent *Fancies* lead;
I ſing NEW-RIVER, and its Chryſtal Head;
From its firſt *Source*, unto its *Baſons*, down
From thence unto *Great-Britain*'s chiefeſt Town.

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt me, *Muſe!* its Virtues to rehearſe;
And with thy *Aid*, thus I begin my Verſe.

IMMORTAL MIDDLETON! Glory of thy Age!
Thou, *Thou* the Wonder ſhall be, I preſage,
Of Future Times, which Thou haſt made thy [Own
By this *Unequal'd Work* which Thou haſt done.
Let *Bards* no more their mighty *Herc'les* boaſt,
His Labours twelve all in thy One are loſt.
Fictitious they, thy mighty *Toyl* is true;
But what's ſo great thy Genius can't ſubdue?
Auguſta fair is fond of thy *Great Name*;
So long as She ſhall ſtand, ſhall ſtand thy *Fame*.
Thrice happy *Thou*, to ſee this Work of thine
To be compleat (ſhort ſpace) in five years time!
In Sixteen-hundred-eight it was begun;
In Sixteen-hundred-thirteen it was done.

Six hundred Hands Thou daily didſt employ
To ſpeed thy *Work*, the *Glory* to enjoy.
Great was thy *Thought*, great the *Performance* too,
Surmounting all but thy Great Self to do.
Thy *Courage*, equal to thy vaſt Deſign,
Doth ſhew the *Undertaking* muſt be Thine.

The Sources whence this *River* fair doth ſpring
(As firſt in order) them I firſt ſhall ſing.
Chadwell and *Amwell*, Springs in *Hertfordſhire*,
Whoſe Cryſtal Streams to view you wou'd admire.
In them the *Ladies* may their Beauties ſee,
And their Defects, if any in them be:
Nature's true *Looking-glaſs*, that doth declare
Not what they would be, but juſt what they are.
Twenty Miles off, if by the Road you ride,
But Forty Miles, if by the *River* ſide.

Theſe

Theſe two fair *Springs* this *River*'s Parents are,
Beautiful Iſſue of two Fountains fair!
From thence in wanton windings he does rove,
And as the Ground admits, doth gently move:
Sometimes a Hill his Paſſage ſmooth doth ſtop,
Then *Great Sir* HUGH ſteps in and lifts him up;
With *Lead'n Ciſtern* rears his drooping Head,
Hard to believe! but may with Truth be ſaid:
Between the Heav'n and Earth he makes him flow,
And glide *Triumphant* o'er his conquer'd *Foe*.
O ſacred *Muſe!* I pray to me impart
What *Force*, what *Pow'r*, can reſiſt the Art
Of him that can make *Rivers Hills* o'erflow:
What is it his reſiſtleſs *Art* can't do?
Sure he can make them likewiſe backwards run,
Or, *Joſhua*-like, cauſe to ſtand ſtill the *Sun*.

Eight hundred Bridges o'er this *Stream* are laid,
As in Authentick *Story* it is ſaid;
The moſt of *Timber*, ſome of *Brick*, ſome *Stone*;
The Charge too weighty to be bore by One:
Of LONDON's *Chamber* he deſir'd *Supply*,
But LONDON's *Chamber* did his Suit deny.
The *Monarch* viewing well what Work was done,
At his *own Charge* reſolv'd to carry't on, K. *Ja.* I.
Under the Conduct of the *Great Sir* HUGH,
Who had the whole Deſign at once in view:
That the *King* knew, to his immortal Praiſe,
The *Solomon* eſteemed of his Days.

And now the *Pickax*, *Barrow*, *Spade*, *Hands all*
Unto their former Work with Courage fall:
The *Great Attempt* with Vigour now goes on,
Which otherwiſe would never have been done:

The

The King his *Fiat* gave, inſpir'd by GOD,
And *All-commanding Gold* obey'd his Nod.

Thro' divers *Towns* this *Stream* tranſparent flows;
On *Man* and *Beaſt* his *Favours* he beſtows.
In greateſt Droughts, what greater Benefit
To thirſty Cattle, than to drink of it!
When all the *Ponds*, as well as they, are dry,
He them ſupplies with Water conſtantly,
Elſe they wou'd pine away with Thirſt, and die.
In Forty Miles, tho' ſome will ſay Threeſcore,
Full Thirty thouſand Cattle, if not more,
Beſides the *Vills* and *Towns* he floweth by,
Doth he with *Water* conſtantly ſupply:
So that, if *Beaſts* could ſpeak as well as *Men*,
Live Sir HUGH's *Name*, they'd cry, *Amen*, *Amen*.
But *Man* he finds with *Liquor*, and with *Meat*;
Liquor good *Ale* to brew, good *Fiſh* to eat;

Such as the Finny *Inmates* of his Flood,
Which are more rare than *Fleſh*, and full as good.
The pretty little *Gudgeon* is fine *Fare*;
The *Fin-back'd Perch*, by ſome eſteemed rare;
The Silver *Eel*, ſo mellow, firm, and fine,
A *Prince* may like a *Prince* upon it dine!
Boil'd, Potted, Roaſted, Broil'd, is good all ways;
The Silver *Eel* is worthy of all Praiſe.
The greedy, cruel *Tyrant* of the Flood,
The *Pike*, who preys on other Fiſhes Blood,
Who ev'n his own *Species* does not ſpare,
Thoſe leſs than he by him devoured are:
Wicked, when ſwimming in the Silver Stream;
But *good*, when ſwimming (in good *Sauce* I mean)
At His dread ſight the little Fiſh will fly,
As trembling *Birds* do, when the *Hawk* is nigh,
All but the *Perch*, who doth (to let him know,
Tho' to the reſt he's ſuch a dreadful Foe,

He values not his cruel *Tyranny*,
Nor will he as the reſt, who fear him, fly)
Erect his Finny Back, his Armour ſhows;
The *Pike*, tho' hungry, dares not with him cloſe,
Suffers all this, altho' he's ſo provok'd,
And dares not ſeize, affraid of being choak'd.

As the *Great Pikes* the ſmaller do devour,
So acts the *Rich* Man when he grinds the *Poor*:
The *Pike*, leſs cruel, at one *Gorge* doth kill;
But *Man* kills *Man* by piecemeal; greater Ill!
Pike preys on *Pike*, and *Man* doth prey on *Man*;
The diff'rence then? Pray tell me if you can.
As *Fiſh* on *Fiſh* in *Brooks* and *Seas* do prey,
So *Man* on *Man*, in a more cruel way.
Eel, *Pike*, *Carp*, *Tench*, Fiſh of Repute and Fame,
With many more, which here I ſhall not name,

Of this our Flood the Finny *Natives* are,
With Noble *Crawfiſh*, which make *Sowp* ſo rare.
Thro' *Cheſhunt Park* and *Theobalds* he glides;
Thro' both the *Enfield Parks* he gently ſlides;
And as he thro' them wantonly doth roam,
Well pleas'd that he is drawing near his Home,
The thirſty *Deer* of him do drink their fill;
The noble *Stagg* too drinks there at his Will,
And as he's drinking in the limpid Stream,
Beholds his branched *Horns*, grows proud of them,
Shakes his *Brow-Antlers*, and defies his Foes,
And ſtruts majeſtick ev'ry Step he goes.
But hark! the *Dogs* are out, their Cry he hears,
To liſten then he pricks up both his Ears:
But not approving the ungrateful Noiſe,
He bounds at firſt, and then away he flies,
Takes to his *Heels*, and now begins the Sport,
Reſerves his Weapons for his laſt Effort.

THE Bloody Fatal Chaſe is now begun;
To the *Doggs* fatal, not the *Stagg* alone.
The *Stagg* runs ſwift, to fly impending Doom,
But all in vain, his lateſt Hour is come:
The *Doggs* run ſwift, to meet their unſeen Fate,
Which did they know, they wou'd as ſwift re-
[treat;
The *Man* rides ſwift, hot in purſuit of Game,
And leaps at all, and ſometimes comes off lame;
The Fool courts Dangers, which his Beaſt wou'd
[ſhun,
Who wou'd avoid ſuch *Leaps*, unleſs *ſpurr'd on*;
Let not this *Man* then of his *Reaſon* boaſt,
Who buys his *Pleaſure* at ſo dear a Coſt.
His ſhare of *Reaſon* here appears the leaſt,
Either of *Stagg*, or *Dogg*, or his poor *Beaſt*.
Leaſt, did I ſay? In this he ſhews h'as none,
But by *Irrationals* he's far outdone.

Learn

Learn then, O *Man!* ſo to purſue thy Game;
Avoid all Dangers, *Beaſts* will do the ſame.

But to our Sport return we now again,
To take the Pleaſure, and avoid the Pain:
The *Stagg* now ſpent, his Fate he doth bewail,
And lets fall Tears, but Tears will not avail;
With hungry Hounds his Tears are of no pow'r,
They want his Blood and Carcaſe to devour.
To his own *Herd* he then for Refuge flies,
But his own *Herd* his humble Suit denies;
Shun him as one that's pointed out for *Doom*,
And amongſt them they'll not admit him room:
They know by Inſtinct he's deſign'd for Death,
And will not riſque their own to ſave his Breath.
He now looks out, to find the fitteſt place
To make a ſtand, reſolv'd the Foe to face;

No

No more to flee, no longer now to ſhun,
But ſtand the Bloodmouth'd Hounds when they come on.
A lofty *Oak*, whoſe Head aſpir'd ſo high,
And grew ſo proud, it rival'd with the Sky,
Whoſe mighty Limbs projected ſuch a Shade
As cool by them the ambient Air was made:
Whoſe Body was of that circumference
That wou'd behind him be a ſure Defence:
Thither he ſhapes his Courſe, full bent to fight
The fell invet'rate Foe with all his Might;
Takes Courage from Deſpair, reſolves to fall
Aveng'd on ſome, if not aveng'd on all;
Contented then he quietly could die,
So that he could ſome of the Foe deſtroy.
And now the *Horn* with *Muſick* ſtrikes his Ear,
Which not long ſince ſtruck it with *Pannick Fear*:
The *Doggs*, full Cry, are juſt now coming on,
As eager he doth for their coming long:

The

The ſwifteſt *Hounds* of all the bloody *Pack*
Are now come up, and ſee the *Prey* they lack.
He ready to receive them ſtands, prepar'd
And arm'd with *Reſolution*, on his *Guard*;
Diſplays his branched *Weapons*, lets them ſee,
If they attack, what their *Reward* ſhall be.
Thus they hold him, and he holds them at Bay,
To try the Combat; if they pleaſe they may:
But they, like *Cowards*, make a mighty Cry,
Dare not attack without a freſh Supply.
The others hear, and ſwiftly they puſh on,
With greedy Jaws about the Victim throng.
Thus reinforc'd, ſome bolder than the reſt
Attempt his Head to ſeize, and ſome his Breaſt.
Too late they found the Danger, to their Coſt,
For in the bold Attempt their Lives they loſt.
Here *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Jowler*, *Ruler* fell,
And truſty *Bowman*; O! it grieves to tell!

But when the *Huntſman* ſaw the beſt Doggs fall,
His *Piece* he fir'd, loaded with double Ball,
Which put an End unto the fatal Strife:
So dy'd the *Doggs*, ſo loſt the *Stagg* his Life.
Thus fell the Glory of *Brow-Antler's Race*,
Of late the *Pride* and *Monarch* of the *Chace:*
He fell, but how? Not by a common Death;
The *Doggs* put not a *Period* to his Breath;
But, like a *Soldier* fighting in the *Field*,
Who ſcorn'd unto the Enemy to yield,
With *Glory* fell, juſt by that *River's ſide*
In which *Himſelf* he oft beheld with Pride;
That *River*, which for LONDON was deſign'd,
Could ſhe have mov'd, ſh'ad met her Lover kind.
With eager Joy he flows to her Embrace,
And ſhe expects him with a Joy no leſs.
All *Creatures* greet him as he glides along;
The *Feather'd Choir* chant forth his *Nuptial Song*.

And now thro' *Hornſey Town* he floweth on,
And waters healthful, airy *Newington*:
Thro' *Iſlington* then glides my beſt-lov'd *Theme*,
And *Miles*'s *Garden* waſhes with his Stream:
Now *Forcer*'s Garden is its proper Name,
Tho' *Miles* the Man was who firſt got it Fame:
And tho' it's own'd *Miles* firſt did make it known,
Forcer improves the ſame, we all muſt own:
There you may ſit under the ſhady Trees
And drink and ſmoak, fann'd by a gentle Breeze,
Behold the Fiſh, how wantonly they play,
And catch them alſo, if you pleaſe, you may;
With Finny Oars they cut the ſilver Stream,
Which to the Eye gives a diverting Scene;
Each puſhes on, to win the fatal Prize;
For his Reward the ſwifteſt Racer dies,
With eager Mouth gorges the gilded Bait,
And then repents, but then it is too late.

The *Harlot* ſo diſplayeth all her Charms,
And under them conceals her fatal Harms,
Takes the unwary Youth with gilded Snares,
Who oft for *good* and *ſound*, buys *rotten* Wares.
Beware, my Youth, avoid that *Fair* and *Foul*,
Or ſhe'll deſtroy *Purſe*, *Body*, and thy *Soul*.
How thou ſhalt know the *Syren* I will tell,
That thou may'ſt ſhun this *Firebrand of Hell*.
Her *Eyes* are *Rovers*, and her *Airs* ſo free,
As far exceed the Sex's *Modeſty* :
Honey upon her Tongue you'd think did dwell,
But underneath lurks *Poyſon*, *Poyſon fell*,
That will thy Soul and Body poyſon too,
Fly, fly, *my Youth*, have not with her to do.
If Rich thou art, ſhe'll ſurely make thee Poor
And (may be) beg thy Bread from door to door.
If thou art Strong, canſt *mighty Pillars* ſhake,
She ſoon will make thee Impotent and Weak.

Of thee (if Wiſe thou art) ſhe'll make a *Fool:*
What art thou elſe, if thou'rt a *Harlot's Tool?*
She, *Serpent-like*, will poyſon by Embrace;
Then ſad, and full of Woe, will be thy Caſe:
Her forked Bane will thro' thy *Liver* go,
Like Arrow poyſon'd when ſhot from the Bow,
Thus by degrees, tho' late, yet too too ſure
Thy Blood may be infected beyond cure:
A ling'ring Death then art thou doom'd to die;
Now drops a *Noſe*, and after rots an *Eye:*
A Nuſance then thou art become to Man,
And all avoid and ſhun thee, if they can:
Life unto thee at laſt a Burthen's grown,
Thou Death invok'ſt, but Death then ſhall not come:
On thy Condition none ſhall Pity have,
But piecemeal rot before thou'rt in the *Grave.*
The *Harlot* too ſhall ſhare the ſelf-ſame Fate,
And die the Object of all People's Hate.

Be-

Beware, *my Youth*, avoid that *Fair* and *Foul*,
Or ſhe'll deſtroy *Purſe*, *Body*, and thy *Soul*.
Again I give this my before Advice,
Becauſe it is Youth's Fav'rite —— Fatal Vice.

On this vile *Woman* we'll no longer dwell,
The Devil's *Agent*, *Fact'reſs-Chief* of Hell;
Our former Theme we now ſhall re-aſſume,
And to the Garden and New-River come.

Two noble Swans ſwim by this *Garden* ſide,
Of *Water-fowl* the Glory and the Pride,
Which to the *Garden* no ſmall Beauty are;
Were they but *black*, they would be much more rare;
With *Ducks* ſo tame, that from your Hand they'll feed;
And, I believe, for that they ſometimes bleed.
A Noble *Walk* likewiſe adorns the Place,
To which the River adds a greater Grace:

There

There you may ſit, or walk, do which you [pleaſe,
Which beſt you like, and ſuits moſt with your [Eaſe.
All things conſpire to pleaſe the beſt they can,
Walks, *Waiters*, *River*, *Liquor*, and the MAN.
Who would not go where Pleaſure does invite?
Walks ſhady, ſilver *Stream*, the Eye's Delight;
Ducks feeding from your Hand, and Snow-white [*Swan*,
Balſamick *Ale*, and moſt-obliging *Man*;
So good it is, it's prais'd by all Mens Tongues,
Healing as *Balm of Gilead* to the Lungs.
Miles in his Way obliging was, we know,
Yet *F——rs* Language doth the ſofter flow;
Behav'our far genteeler of the two,
By *Birth* a Gentleman, and Breeding too:
OXFORD, for *Lib'ral Arts* that is ſo fam'd,
(Inferiour all, none Equal can be nam'd)

His

His *Alma Mater* was, it is well known,
And *Grey's Inn* Learned gave to him the *Gown.*
Called he was from thence unto the Bar,
And pleaded likewiſe as a *Barriſter.*
Another *Bar* he uſes now, we know;
Where moſt is got, the *Councel* there will go:
Altho' his *Fees* may not ſo large be there
Greater the number of his Clients are,
Which makes the *Gain* to be the greater far.
He's *Judge*, he's *Jury*, and *ſole Pleader* there,
A thing that is unknown at *Weſtminſter.*
Inveſted with this Pow'r, not Inſolent,
But unto ev'ry one he gives Content.
Whom *Wealth*, and *Pow'r*, and *Pleaſure* too doth call,
And will not go, muſt have no *Brains* at all.
Rome's Emperor, *Titus Veſpaſian*,
Rais'd Money from (O ſtrange!) the Piſs of Man:

He

He us'd to ſay, Gold always ſweet did ſmell,
Come it from what it wou'd, come but, 'twas well.
Of Profit too this Conſequence is plain,
Greater it is, the ſweeter is the Gain.
Monarchs have Money rais'd from Subjects Smoak,
And thought they did not leſs majeſtick look;
Then who can blame if, by his Care and Pains,
F——r doth Money raiſe from Barley-Grains?

Now to the *Show-Room* let's a while repair,
To ſee the active *Feats* performed there:
How the *Bold Dutch-man* on the *Rope* doth bound,
With greater *Air* than others on the Ground;
What *Capers* does he cut! how backward leaps!
With *Andrew Merry* eying all his Steps:
His *Comick Humours* with Delight you ſee,
Pleaſing unto the beſt of Company.

The

The great *D'Aumont* has been diverted there,
With divers Others of like Character;
As by their gen'rous Guifts they made appear.

THE *Famous* TUMBLER lately is come o'er
Who was the Wonder of the other Shore:
France, *Spain*, and *Holland*, and *High-Germany*,
Sweden, and *Denmark*, and fam'd *Italy*,
His active Feats did with Amazement ſee,
Which done by *Man* they thought could never be:
Amongſt the reſt, he falleth from on high,
Head foremoſt, from the Upper-Gallery,
And in his Fall performs a *Somerſet*;
The Women ſhriek, in dread *he'll break his Neck*,
And gently on his Feet comes to the Ground,
To the Amazement of Beholders 'round.

So have I ſeen *Birds* wanton in the Air,
Now falling on their Backs you'd think they [were;
Now up they'd mount, then down Head-fore- [moſt go;
Downwards he can, but upwards can't fly ſo.

In this ſtrange *Feat* he doth the *Birds* outvy,
Without their feather'd Wings they cannot fly,
But fall they muſt, and by the Fall muſt dye:
But he, without *Wings*, to the Ground doth fall
Gently, and comes unto no harm at all.

Black Scaramouch, and *Harlequin* of Fame,
The *Ladder-Dance*, with Forty I could name
Full as diverting, and of later date,
You may ſee there, at much a cheaper rate
Than at THE HOUSE, as well performed too;
You only pay for *Liquors*, not the *Show*;
Such as *Neat Brandy*, *Southam Cyder* fine,
And *Grape*'s true *Juice* as e'er was preſs'd from [Vine.

Return

Return we now to our Firſt Theme again,
A Nobler Subject, and a Nobler Strain!
But this ſame Place did lie ſo in our way,
We could not leſs than what we have done ſay:
He is a Neighbour to our preſent Theme,
His *Ducks*, *Swans*, *Geeſe*, and *Walks* adorn our
[Stream.

And now the River's near his Journey's End,
The *Citizens* go out to greet their Friend;
Their *Folly* blame, applaud the Great *Sir* Hugh,
Extol their *Sov'reign*, as they ought to do,
Look on their Gueſt with the ſame Air and Pride
As *Bridegroom* doth on his approaching Bride.
At laſt the *Work* is to its Period brought
Which was before Impracticable thought,

Where are two deep and ample *Baſons* made,
And *Theſe* are what they call NEW-RIVER-
[HEAD.

Theſe two fair *Baſons* muſt not be forgot;
The CITY did them honour, Shall I not?
So ſoon as ever they were made compleat,
The then *Lord-May'r* gave a moſt noble Treat,
Invited all the *Citizens of Note*,
And was reſolv'd to have a merry Bout:
The Treat was cold, but this I dare to ſay,
There wa'n't a Man but what went warm away.

From Hall call'd *Guild* they in their Coaches
[rode,
And when come to the *Baſon*'s ſide, they ſtood;
Then each alighting, gently did deſcend,
And ev'ry Man was glad to ſee his Friend

In

In Place ſo odd, Occaſion too ſo rare,
And all the Beauties of the City there,
To ſee the Sight went, and attend the *May'r*.
The *Sun*, aſham'd to ſee their brighter Eyes,
Drew in his *Rays*, and quite forſook his Skyes;
But from their Beauty broke a brighter Ray,
And in his abſence made it more than Day.
Ages to come may not the like produce,
To ſee a *River* finiſh'd, of ſuch Uſe,
To ſerve a Place ſo fam'd for Wealth and Trade;
The WORLD's *Chief Port*, it may be truly ſaid.

Merry to be they all reſolved were,
And to regale themſelves with ſuch good Cheer
As did their Tables ſumptuouſly adorn,
Such Wines the *Devil* never drew, or *Horn*:
With Eatables embelliſh'd, of the beſt;
Pontac himſelf, or *Brawn*, ne'er better dreſs'd.

Grace

Grace being ſaid, they then fell to their Work
With Stomachs keen as *Scymitar* of *Turk*;
What Wounds they gave the fierce *Weſtphalian*
[Boar!
But he, they knew full well, was ſlain before:
Had he been living, they had not come near,
Much leſs had cut and ſlaſh'd him ſo ſevere:
He ſoon had made them all to quit the Place,
Left all their Cheer, and ſaid no after-Grace.
Poor harmleſs *Chickens* too no Quarter have,
But *Ham* and *Poultry* buried in one Grave:
Neats-Tongues and *Udders* ſhare the ſelf-ſame
[Fate;
More *Mercy* would they ſhew the *Foe* they hate.
Innocent *Tongue*, who never told a Lye,
Why ſhould'ſt *Thou* then be us'd ſo cruelly?
Thou never flatter'd, or thy Friend betray'd;
I wiſh of *Man*'s that could be truly ſaid:

Tho'

Tho' form'd by GOD to praiſe his Holy Name,
We too too often do prophane the ſame.
Ceaſe we to lye, to ſwear, our Friend betray,
And with our Tongues to ſing His Praiſe, and pray,
O! that wou'd lead us to Eternal Day:
Then wou'd the *Golden Age* again return,
Plain Truth and *Honeſty* no longer mourn,
Which from Our Sphere too long have Exiles been,
And, till we mend, they'l not return again.

After Repaſt, the then *Lord-May'r* began
The *King's Health*, which was drank by ev'ry Man.
The next a *Bumper* was, to Great *Sir* HUGH,
And that was drank by all with Good-will too;
The *City-Muſick* playing all the time
As they *carouzing* were the nobleſt *Wine*.

But now this RIVER muſt baptized be;
Forgive the term, if it may ſeem too free:
My Lord himſelf it was who gave the Name,
And Sound of Trumpet did proclaim the ſame.
Then each Man with his *Bottle* in right Hand,
Glaſs in his left, ſuch was *my Lord*'s Command:
Fill all, [they fill'd] *off with it*, ſaid my *Lord*;
And *off they drank it*, and obey'd his Word:
Bottle and *Glaſs* he then threw o'er his Head,
Each Man the Signal readily obey'd;
Be thou **New-River** *call'd*, my Lord then ſaid.
Trumpets, *Drums*, *Shouts* then fill'd the Hemi-
[ſphere;
Highgate and *Hampſted* in the Joy did ſhare,
And back again the grateful Noiſe rebound;
And *Hornſey-Wood* danc'd at the joyful Sound.

Now

Let's now ſurvey the AQUÆDUCTS of *Rome*,
Built by the *Heathens*, and by *Chriſtians* ſome,
And then compare which beſt do ſerve their
[Town,
To Ours the Conqueſt they muſt juſtly own.
The Firſt were rais'd by mighty *Emperours*;
The Charges infinitely more than Ours;
And others by ſucceeding *Popes* were made;
Of thoſe departed nought but good be ſaid,
I ſhall not rail at them, for they are dead.
Well then may *Rome* her *Aquæducts* ſo boaſt,
And tell us of the vaſt Expence they coſt;
Tell us, they rear'd their tow'ring Heads ſo
[high,
As if they meant to pierce the very Sky;
And ſpar'd no Charge the ſame to beautifie.
This they did do, to celebrate a *Name*,
And recommend it down to future Fame,

More than for Uſe or Service of the ſame;
For moſt of *Rome*'s great *Emp'rours* were vain.
Of theſe fam'd *Conduits* ſev'ral Builders were,
At diſtant times, one from the other far:
Great are the Works, much greater wou'd they ſeem
If by a *Subject* they had raiſed been,
Who had begun, and liv'd to finiſh them
But theſe were built by Potent *Emperours*,
And *Conſuls* too, all Men of mighty Pow'rs,
Who *Money* had, and She can all things do,
Can level Mountains build great Cities too:
What is it Dame *Pecunia* cannot do?
To Conq'ring *Rome* all did a Tribute pay;
All the Victorious *Eagle*'s Arms obey,
And the whole *World* to her became a Prey:
To her the *Riches* of the World did flow;
When ſhe commanded, who durſt then ſay *No?*

Thus

Thus into her *Ærarium* all was hurl'd,
And *Rome* became the Grand Bank of the World.

OUR HERO wanted *Gold* to carry on
His *Great Deſign*, which was ſo well begun;
And he a *Subject* was, a *Tradeſman* too,
But what was that *his Spirit* dar'd not do?
And live he did to ſee his *Great Work* done:
O Glorious! O Immortal MIDDLETON!
Thy *Aquæduct* was finiſh'd in Five Years;
As many Ages they were building theirs:
Unite them all, they can't with thine compare,
No more than *Tyber* can with *Thames* ſo fair.
Tho' ancient *Bards* of him ſo loudly ſing,
Tyber unto the *Thames* is but a *Spring*:
So are *Rome*'s *Conduits*, when compar'd to thine,
Like to broad *Thames* as is our narrow *Tyne*.

In this thy Work, they can't come near to Thee,
No more than *Thames* can to the *boundleſs Sea*:
Let *Heathen Rome* then, let the *Chriſtian* too,
Own themſelves conquer'd by the GREAT
[*Sir* HUGH.

Vaſt is the Charge the *Company* doth bear,
To keep this RIVER in its due Repair;
Which not long ſince was plainly made appear,
But *They*, in Spirit like their *Great Sir* HUGH,
The *Publick Good* have alwaies in their view.

THRO' *Pipes of Elm* he does his *Water* throw,
And makes it to the higheſt *Garrets* flow
By *Pipes of Lead*, which into them are laid;
Of thoſe at *Rome* the like cannot be ſaid.
Ready he is to quench the dreadful *Fire*,
Combats with Joy that Element moſt dire:

The

The Foe, tho' hot, yet cooly doth he fight;
At firſt you'd think he'd beat our RIVER quite,
He cracks and roars, and makes a dreadful noiſe,
And threatens Conflagration to the Skies:
But Ours fights cool, and gives a gentle Check,
Which doth in part his *Rage* and *Fury* break;
And finding that, purſues ſo cloſe the Foe,
Until extinguiſh'd, will not let him go.
The *Fire*, but now which made the Skies affraid,
By this our *Stream* dead on the *Ground* is laid.
Victorious Stream! immortal be thy Fame;
To thee, O LONDON! precious be its Name.

FROM *Baſons* large the *Water* is convey'd
By *Pipes*, which thence into the *Town* are laid.
Had I but Skill, how ſweetly could I play
Upon thy *Pipes*, Sir HUGH, a *Roundelay!*

O Glo-

O Glorious Theme! Equal unto the Pen
Of *Dryden* Great, or Matchleſs *O Rare* BEN!
Unthinking Men! to leave *Thy Song* unſung;
Had they once thought on *Thee*, they'd Juſtice done;
Thee they had ſung in their exalted *Lays*
Worthy of Thee; Thou worthy of their Praiſe.
If I fall ſhort, accept of my *Good-will*,
The Fault impute unto my Want of Skill.
By Thee *Fair* LONDON long has ſerved been;
Long has thy *Water* kept *Her* ſweet and clean.
Chelſea, the *Bridge*, and *York*, thoſe *Upſtarts* three,
Tho' all combin'd, could not come near to *Thee*;
By *Art* and *Nature* Thou, above them plac'd,
With all the Gifts *Houſe-water* can be grac'd;
To ſerve *Auguſta* ſeated art the beſt,
And with *Contempt* look'ſt down upon the reſt.

FINIS.